

Independence Chronicles: Beyond Now

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Category: Animorphs

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-25 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-25 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:33:21

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,147

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Prologue. There is definately Animorphs in this one, just not until the sencond part. after the next chapter. And I'll tell you right now, one of the charactars is predujice against homosexuality and people of different religion. But don't worry he change

Independence Chronicles: Beyond Now

Author's Note: This is my first story, first series ever, so I need lots of reviews to advise me on what to do. When review suggestions for the next part would be helpful, just for ideas although I already have an idea for this one. Also, if a Chapter is not marked with a narrator's name, its told in third person.

>
Independence Chronicles: Beyond Now

>
Prologue

>
 The rest of the Resuien ship was hectic, people walking as fast as they could, grabbing blankets, sheets, anything to keep warm through the night. But two young lovers found a quiet peaceful environment, away from all that.

>
 The two seventeen year olds were in the holding bay, the entire ceiling a window, they looked up into the emptiness of space.

>
 The young man was intrigued, fascinated. Not with space; he had grown up knowing space. He was born in space. His kind, the Resuriens, were space dwellers, with a small planet in which they merely built ships and retrieved supplies. Resuriens were nomadic, for the time being. Their little planet was dying. On the verge of being oxygen deprived, a new home was in order.

>
 The boy, Bekker was intrigues with the girl in the room, Zoran. To him she was beautiful. Her short red hair barely reaching her chin. Her green eyes, always searching for some unnamed person or object.

>
 Zoran looked from the sky to Bekker. "What?" She asked, annoyed.

>
 Bekker was tall, strong looking, with blond hair that reached his shoulders and he pulled up into a pony-tail. "Have I told you how great you look in those clothes?"

>
 Zoran looked at her attire, black, tight pants, and a black

shirt. She made a face. "You crazy bastard." She pushed Bekker to the ground. But Bekker was playful, and strong. He grabbed her arm and pulled her down with him.

>
 Zoran landed on his chest. Pushing to get up, Bekker wrapped his strong arms around her and held her close. Zoran came close to spitting in his face, but resisting the urge and trying to control her temper, she spoke instead. "God damn you, Bekker! Let me go, or I'll rip all that hair out of your head!"

>
 Bekker smiled. "No."

>
 "Shit." Zoran was too smart for him though. She knew where Bekker would scream out in pain if she merely pushed him. But she grabbed some of his hair and pulled with all her might.

>
 Bekker began to wail, but Zoran put one hand over his mouth. She knelled next to him, less than an inch away from his ear as she stroked his cheek she whispered seducing tone. "I told you to let me go."

>***
 On the other side of the ship, a your man aided the ships navigator. He looked small, but serious. He was Noah. His neatly combed back, dark brown hair matched his pretty and girly blue eyes. Noah was short, about 5 feet 9 nine inches. Extremely small for a boy.

>
 Noah decided to stay apart from his peers. Not many on the ship, no one his age except for Bekker, Zoran and Adrianna. Noah had a 'condition', as his father had called it. He never understood what was wrong with him, but before his father and mother dies, he always looked to his mother for compassion. This, 'condition', Noah thought to be completely normal.

>
 His mother told him that there was nothing wrong with him. His mother's encouragement, disagreeing with his father's constant disapproval, led to his father beating is mother and killing her.

>
 The navigator was on the other side of the room, and Noah, looking official, was standing over the ship's control panel looking out into space. In the distance, he could see a blue planed, specks of green barely visible. He learned about that planet in his education. Earth it was called. Filled with many creatures, too many to study in his long, 200 year life span. And the dominate predator were creatures, humanoid, like him. They were the creation of the title, humanoid, being called human.

>

>
 In a dark room, a tall girl sat cross-legged, eyes closed. Her name was Adrianna. The only other 16 year old on the ship. She was meditating, a different religion than all the other occupants of the ship. She chose to do it, enclosed and away from the other, so their taunting would not harm her in anyway.

>
 Adrianna was beautiful. She was tall and slender, not very curvy, but beautiful nonetheless. Her eyes were dark brown, often compared to night, almost black. Her hair was naturally brown, but dyed almost white. It was thick, but hung straight, past her shoulder, to the middle of her back. Her hair was coarse. Her dark brown roots, peeking out from the top of her head. She did not have many freckles, rather, many beauty marks thrown across her face and two on her neck.

>
 Adrianna opened one eye. The room was cold, too cold for her to focus. She parted her legs and stood, stretching. She was too tired to accomplish anything that involved any physical labor. She couldn't clean her room, although it was already spotless.

>
 Looked around the empty room, boxes full of supplies, a plant growing near the window. A light that was shining on the plant, but was turned off for the time being. Out the window to her left, she

could see the wind of the ship. It wasn't flawless in color or perfect in shape. Not suiting her.

>
 She scratched her forehead. Her delicate fingers rubbed over her the space between her eyebrows, slightly above. There was a yellow gem, small, round in shape. Surrounding it were perfectly smooth jewels, shaped like tear drops, orange the point facing away from the center. It was like bindi, but required also for her religion. She didn't know why she meditated, or why she didn't remove the jewels on her head. Maybe because they were put on at birth and never removed. It was like a part of her now. Maybe she meditated because it was relaxing. But she had no parents to force her.

>
 She looked and the underside of her arm. Her full religious name was inscribed there, like a tattoo, always covered by her long white, tight shirt. The name was, 'Adrika of Veula'.

>
 She was disgusted with herself. She spoke harshly. "Who's Adrika of Veula. Whoever she is. I don't know her. I don't want to. Fuck her."

>

> These four teens were too never interact. Not permanently. Yes, Bekker's flirting with Zoran was an exception. But they would never mean anything. But somehow, fate changed. And their fates changed. And they would meet. And they would change the world. They would mean something. They would change the world, indeed.

> <p><p>

End
file.